7

A merrie pleasant

and delectable Historie, betweene King Edward the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode vpon a time with his Nobles a hunting toward Drayton Basset.

Merie pleasant and merrie to read.

Printed at London by John Danter. 1596.

4° C. 39 Art Seld (9)

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A most pleasant History of King Edward the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth.

IN Summer time when leaues grow greene
and blossoms bud on euery tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
some pastime for to see.
With hawke and hound he made him bound,
with horne and eke with bow,
Toward Drayton Basset he tooke his way.
whosoeuer doth it know.
But as our King on his way rode forth,
by eight a Clocke of the day,
He was ware of a tanner of nigh Tamworth
was in a quaint of aray.

A good russet Coat the tanner had on,
he thought it mickle pride,
He rode on a Mare cost foure shillings,
and vnder him a good Cowhide.
A pair of rough mittens the tanner did weare
his hood was buckled vnder his chin.
Yonder comes a good fellow said our King;
that cares not whether he lose or win
The tanner came singing on his Mare,
with one so merry a note,
He sung out of tune, he was past care,
he had no neede to grease his throte.
Stand you here still my Lordes now,
vnder the greene wood spray,
And I will ride to yonder fellow,
to wit what he will say.
God speede good fellow said our King,
thou art welcom sir quoth he,
Which is the way to Drayton Basset,
I pray thee tell to me.
Marry that I will quoth the tanner,
right as here I stand,
The nert paire of gallowes that thou comes to
turne in vpon thy right hand.
It is an vnready way said our King,
I tell you so mote I thee,
I pray you shew me the readiest way
the towne that I may see.
Go pray thee great Iauel quoth the tanner,
I hold thee out of thy wit,
All day haue I ridden on Brocke my mare,
and I am fasting yet.
Why we will to the towne said our King,

We will eate and drinke and fare of the best,
and I will pay for the shot.
God haue mercy for nothing quoth the tanner,
thou paiest for none of mine,
For I haue as many Nobles in my purse,
as thou hast pence in thine.
God giue you ioy of yours said our king,
and send thee well to prieke,
The tanner would faine haue beene a way,
for he wend he had beene a thiefe.
What art thou good fellow quoth the tanner,
of thee I am in great feare,
For the clothes that thou wearest on thy back
are not for a Lord to weare.
I neuer stole them said our king,
I tell you sir by the Rood,
No thou platest as many an vnthrift doth,
thou standst in the mids of thy good.
What tidings heare you said our king,
as you ride farre and neare,
I heare no tidings quoth the tanner,
but that cow hides are deare.
Cow hides Cow hides then said our king,
I know not what they be,
No here thou maist see one quoth the tanner,
here lyeth one vnder me.
Knowst thou not a cow hide quoth the tanner,
and hast gone so long to schoole:
If euer thou come to dwell in the Country
thou wilt be made a foole.
What crafts man are you said our king,
I pray you tell me now?
I am a Barker quoth the tanner

I am a Courtier said our King,
forth of seruice I am worne,
Full faine I would be your prentise he said,
your cunning for to learne.
Marrie God forbid quoth the tanner
that such a prentise I should haue,
He would spend me more than he would get
by fortie shillings a yere.
One thing would I wit said our King
if you will not seeme strange,
Though my horse be better than your Mare.
with you faine would I change,
Nay there thou lies yet quoth the tanner
by Christ thou shalt abide,
For if thou haue Brocke my Mare
thou gets not my good Cow hide.
I will not haue it said our King
I tell thee so mote I thee,
I will not carrie it away
though you would giue it me.
Why then we must change quoth the tanner
as needs me thinke thou wilt,
But if you haue Brocke my Mare
I will looke to haue some boote.
That were against reason said our King,
I tell you so mote I thee,
My Horse is much better than your Mare,
and that you may well see.
Aduise a bous now said the tanner,
whether thou wilt or no,
For my mare is gentle and will not kicke
but softlie she will go.
And thy horse is vnhappie and vnwieldie

But alwaies skipping here and there
and therefore my mare is best.
What boot will you haue then said our king
tell me now in this tide,
Neuer a single pennie quoth the tanner
But a Noble of gold so red.
Why there is your Noble said our king
well paid looke that you be.
I would haue sworne on a book quoth the tanner
thou hadst not one pennie. (ner
Now hath the king the tanners Mare
she is nothing faire fat nor round
And the tanner hath the kings good steede
the saddle is worth fortie pound.
The tanner tooke vp the good Cowhide,
off the ground where he stood,
He threw it vpon the kings Steede
in the Saddle that was so good,
The Steed stared vpon the homes
vnder the greene wood spraie,
He had weende the Diuell of hell had bin come
to carrie him thence away.
The tanner looked as fast on the Stirrops,
astonied sore he was,
He meruailed greatly in his minde,
whether they were gold or brass.
Help me good fellow quoth the tanner
lightly that I were gone,
My wife and my neighbours more and lesse,
will say I am a Gentleman.
The king tooke the tanner by the leg
and lift him vp a loft,
The tanner gaded out a good round fart,
his belly it was so soft,

You make great waste said our king,
your curtesie is but small,
Thy horse is so high, quoth the tanner againe,
I feare me of a fall.
But when the tanner was in the saddle,
the Steede began to blow and blast,
And against the roote of an old tree,
the tanner downe he cast.
Abide good fellow said our king,
ye make ouer great hast,
Thou shalt haue thy horse with a vengeance,
for my neede is well nigh past. (gone,
Why then we must change said our king,
as me thinke needs thou woot:
But if you haue your Mare againe,
I will looke to haue some boote.
What boote wilt thou haue quoth the tanner,
tell me in this stound.
Neuer a groat nor pennie said our king,
but of thy gold twentie pound.
Nay here is thy noble quath the tanner again,
and Christs blessing and mine,
Yea here is twentie good groats more,
goe drinke them at the wine.
So mote I thee then said our king,
it shall not slacke my woe.
For when a noble is in mine hande,
full soone it is agoe.
Dost thou loue to keepe gold quoth the tanner,
the king answered and said ye,
Then I would thou were my neere kinsman,
for I thinke thou wilt thriue and thee.
Now hath the tanner Brocke his Mare,
and vnder him his good cowhide,

Our Noble King his horse againe
which was a well faire Steede.
Now farewell good fellow quoth the tanner,
I will bide no longer with thee,
Tarrie yet a little while said our King
and some pastime we will see.
Our King set a Bugle to his mouth
and blew a blast lowd and small,

Seuen score Lords, Knights, Squires & Yeoms
came riding ouer a Dale.
Now out alas quoth the tanner
that euer I saw this tide,
Thou art a strong thiefe yonder be thy fellowes,
will haue my Mare and my Cowhide.
They are no theeues then said our king
I tell you so mote I thee,
It is my Lord of Drayton Baffet.
is come a hunting to me,
But when before the king they came,
they fell downe on their knees,
The tanner had leuer than a thousand pound,
he had beene from their companies.
A coller a coller our king gan call,
quoth the tanner it will breede sorrow,
For after a coller commeth a halter,
I trow I shall be hangd to morrow.
Be not afraid tanner said our king,
I tell thee so mote I thee.
Lo here I make thee the best Esquier,
in all the North Countrie.
And Plumton Parke I will giue thee,
and Jacie in his tide,
It is worth thee hundred pounds by yeare,
to prepare thy good Cowhide.
God a mercie good fellow quoth the tanner:
for this that thou hast done:
The next time thou comest to Tamworth towne,
thou shalt haue clouting leather for thy shon.
Now God aboue speed well the Plough,
and keepe vs from care and woe,
vntill euerie tanner in his Countrie,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

225